IN ADVANCE.

VOL. IV.

GUILDHALL, VT. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1876.

NO. 45.

The Miner's Story.

I married Barb'ry out'n the city, you see, She was far too nice a lass for the like o' me, I did my courtin' in brave, fine clothes, my

I didn't tell her 'at I was a miner lad, like the rest.

Not that she thought me a gentleman's son, of

I'd never go there, riding, with gig or horse, But I somehow kept under my workin' ways

And I'd never notice the common lads in my

P'r'aps I let on that I had a farm at the least,

For I could talk knowin' bout any barnyard And bees, an' the like, an' crops of barley an

And of seeds an' roots, 's if I had come there to buy.

She was a delicate, purty, ladylike little thing, With a cheek like the blush on a rose; there's a shinin' ring Of her yellow hair, in my Bible; I keep it so,

'Cause it kinder draws me to read the good Book, you know.

So I married Barbary—she went home wi' me the same day; I took her to my old mother, an' what'd the

good soul say ? "She's not fit for you, son, a rough miner wants strength in a wife :"

I thought I sh'd sink in the ground-'twas the ein o' my life. I didn't dare to look in the poor little quiverin

face: "It's the deceiving I mind, dear, 'tisn't the work, or the place ;"

Them's just her words, and I wanted to die it my shame; "You got me with lying;" her look meant ex-

actly the same. So I did; and it made me ugly as time went along;

For I fancied that Barbary always remembered the wrong. So't if she was pale, I'd tease her 'most out of her life.

And tell her she ought to be stronger, bein' a miner's wife. And once when my temper was up, I cursed

ber hard to her face: She fell at my feet, so white and scared! 'twas a burnin' disgrace;

And then came the awfulest hour a man can ever cos. And a little morsel of new born life, laid on

my knee. Well, p'r'aps one like me'll never see the angels or such. If the Lord kept her from me I shouldn't

blame Him much. I wa-n't fit settin' for a di'mond, precious as that-

You're lookin', I see, at the piece o' crape on my hat.

Last both, sir; it's all right, I'm not the man to complain. They're where the glory and beauty is; I'm left

alone with the pain; But I'm fightin' my cursed temper, fightin

both day and night, And I'll conquer it, if I die-it's all right, sir;

all right.

-Mary A. Denison, in Scribner's.

THE YOUNG PARTNERS.

A Story for the Boys.

Tip was the older of the two. I can't really say how old he was, and what is more, Tip himself didn't know. He wore a man's coat and a pair of very small tronsers, but neither fitted him. His hat was an old felt affair that he had picked up in a back alley, and his head seemed very much as if it might have been picked up with it.

Top was the other partner. It was Top who bought the melon, because he had sold all his papers but one, and had an uncommon handful of change. The melon was cheap, too, and only a trifle spoiled, so the partners sat down on a stone and ate it. Then Tip wiped his mouth on his coat sleeve and looked at Top, who had spread his last paper over his knees, and was slowly spelling out the news.

"There's a row somewheres, but I can't make out which side is lickin'; it's the Turkeys or the other fellers. What be the Turkeys, Tip ?"
"Baseball fellers, I reckon; them kind

is great at a scrimmage." 'And a freshet carried off a railroad bridge. Tarnado in Dubbs county; blowed all the oats down. Does oats grow on trees, Tip, or bushes?"

'Bushes, and kind o' limber." " 'Tarrible catastrophe.' What would a catastrophe be, Tip ?"
"It's a kind o' jumpin' animal Den't ye mind the one we seen to the circus?"

Top folded up his paper with a sigh The circus was the beginning of the partnership, when the two boys, curled up together in a crockery crate, had been awakened in the dusk of a May morning by the long train of circus wagons rumbling away into the country. Half asleep, they followed on, keeping pace with the great brown hulk that strode with swaying trunk after the wagons, and glancing half fearfully at the awkward camels that bared their great teeth viciously, as if they would not at all mind making a mouthful of the two little vagabonds. Once a driver noticed them, and cracked his long whip at them; but they only fell back a few steps.

"I say, Tip, let's go on till it stops, whispered Top; and with a nod the bar-

gain was concluded. It was ten o'clock before the circus stopped, and the boys, footsore and hungry, hung around the wagons, get-ting plentiful kicks and abuse, which was no more than they were accustomed to at home, but rewarded by a glimpse of the animals as they were fed, and making a rare breakfast on a loaf of bread that a girl in a dirty spangled dress snatched from one of the wagons

and tossed to them. levator. Top had risen in the world since then. Ba had left rag picking and gone into

he newsboys' home. But he was loyal other shirt.' to his partner, and often shared his now for them both. "I say, Tip, le's you and me go to

farmin' Tip looked at Top, took off his hat, turned it over as if looking for an idea in it, and then put it on again, and said nothing.

"There's a chap comes down to the home told us fellers if you go out West a bit, the guvment would let ye have a farm free, jest fer living on 't. Best kind o' ground, too. We could raise things to sell, besides havin' all the melons and stuff you could swaller every

day."
"C'm on," said Tip, his mouth watering at the thought. "Is it fur, out West, do ye reckon?"

"A good bit; but I've got some money, and we can walk it easy. Git yer other shirt, an' we'll start to-morrow mornin'."

That night Top drew all his money from the deposit at the newsboys' home -three dollars and sixty-five cents. The first thing he did was to buy two clay pipes and a paper of tobacco. Then he laid in a store of provisions, in the shape of a sheet of stale buns, a triangle

of cheese, and a dozen herrings. Tip was on hand promptly, with his other shirt in a wad under his arm, and the two partners started "out West," "May as well ride ten cents' worth," said Top, paying fare for the two on an

omnibus that ran to the city limits. Afterward, they walked on toward the open prairie, breakfasting as they went, and adding to their stores a turnip and couple of tomatoes that had jolted from some laden market wagon. Miles after miles of market gardens, where women and children were hoeing and weeding and gathering vegetables. They stopped at one house and asked for water, and a woman in a brown stuff petticoat and white short gown offered them some milk in a big yellow bowl, and a piece of black bread. A boy was washing long yellow carrots by the Tip bit one, and liked it. Tip was always hungry. Then they went on, and by and bye came to the end of the gardens. There were great stubbly fields and a stack of yellow straw. They sat down by this stack to rest, and then Top thought of the pipes. The men whom he knew always smoked when they rested at noon, and so he and Tip tried it. They had tried it before with ends of cigars they had picked up, and once Top had bought a new cigar, a fif-teen-center, and smoked it all, though it made him fearfully sick. The pipes

did not seem to agree with them. Tip felt particularly uncomfortable, and wished he had not eaten that carrot. They did not make any remarks about it, but presently they put away the pipes and went to sleep in the sun. When they waked it was sunset and growing chilly.

"No use to go any furder to-night," ssid Top; and they burrowed into the straw and were as snug as two field

In the morning there were only a herring and two very dry buns for breakfast; but the partners had seen much smaller rations than that in their day. They asked for water again when they came to a house, but the old lady who opened the door must bave been She only shook her head and shoo-ed them away as if they had been two stray chickens. Next time they had better luck. A fat little woman with rosy red cheeks gave them a big basket to fill with chips, and when it was full she brought them each a thick slice of bread and butter and a great puffy brown doughnut. Afterward, they drank at the well out of a sweet tasting dipper made of a cocoanut shell, and the woman looked up from the bread she was kneading to nod and smile as they went out of the gate. Next came a long strip of woods, without any houses, and

beyond that, open prairie again.
"I think this is about fur nough," said Top, sitting down on a log. should kind o' like to have our farm nigh to the woman that give us the loughnuts. She's a good one, she is." "Well," said Tip, "seems to be lots of land, and mighty scarce of houses. Let's take it half an' half, woods and

perrary. Now that the farm was located, the next thing to be done was to build a louse. Never did Western immigrants find things more convenient, for near the roadside lay a pile of rails that had ouce been a fence about a haystack. These they dragged into the woods, and proceeded to build a hut against the trunk of a great tree. The result was not exactly a palace, but at least it was clean and airy, and they had slept in much worse quarters. They made a bed of green boughs and spread Tip's other shirt over it. Everything went well until Tip undertook to climb a tree after ome wild grapes. A country boy would have known better than to trust the old dead limb from which they dangled; but Tip never suspected that a tree ould wear out, until he found himself rashing headlong through the branches the ground. He lay there so quiet that poor Top might as well have had no partner at all. Top was frightened, but he didn't give it up. He shook Tip and slapped him on the back; he even lighted a pipe and blew tobacco smoke in his face, all of which remedies he had seen used with success, though not upon people who had fallen out of trees, After a while, Tip begun to breathe again in a jerky fashion, and then he got

strength enough to groan dismally. "Isit yer head?" asked Top, anxiously. Are ye all right in yer bones?" "It's me laigs, and me spines is all mashed to flinders," mouned Tip. Top managed to drag his unlucky partner into the hut; but the bed was

mything but luxurious, and Tip was no ero to suffer in silence. "Is it as bad as a whalin'?" asked Cop, meaning to be sympathizing. 'Wuss," groaned Tip ; but, after all, the suggestion had some comfort in it.

"Tip," said his partner, presently, "be ye sorry ye come out West?"
"No, not if I die," moaned Tip. "I seen a feller die oncet, fallin' down a

Tip tried to get up, but fell back with

up a little learning at the night class in and you can have all my clothes and my

Top would have cried if he had known good fortune with him. He had a plan how, but just then a man coming down the wood road stopped a moment to look and listen, and then strode up to the queer little hut, saying :

"What in cre-a-tion' "He's hurt," said Top, briefly nodding his head at his partner.
"Hurt! I should think so!

"We're pardners, and we've took up this farm," begun Top; but the man looked at the pair of beggars and laughed in a fashion that threatened to

bring the rails down over his head. "Well, well," he said at last, wiping his eyes on his shirt sleeve, "if that ain't the biggest joke."

not much else but bones. "No more meat'n a ladder! Well, well, well!" And he picked up poor Tip and marched away with him, while Top followed meekly. It seemed to him the man had on seven league boots, he got over the ground so fast, while he could only limp after, for Top was getting sore and stiff from tramping. By and bye, they turned into a green lane and came to the back door of a house. The man laid Tip on a bench, and a

shaggy dog came and sniffed at him.
"Molly Anderson!" called the man, and somebody came trotting briskly to the door, saying: "Well, John?" long before she came in sight. It was the woman who had given them

the doughnuts. Tip cried when he saw her, though he didn't know why, for he

felt wonderfully glad.

Things were mixed up after that for a good many days, and Tip had queer fancies of going on and on, trying to find the best kind of farm to settle down upon, until at last he waked up to find himself on a clean bed in a great breezy garret, with the pleasant little woman larning stockings beside him. man was there, too, and he said, in a cheerful voice: "They're made of cast steel and whip cords, them youngsters, He'll be right as a top in a day or two." "The other one is Top," Tip tried to say, but his voice was so queer he did not know it, and wondered who had

spoken. In the end, the partners concluded to give up the farm; but the man who had befriended them gave them both work for a few weeks, and when one day they rode back to the city in a great loaded market wagon they felt very grand.

It was grander yet riding back again at night, with the new delight of returning to a home and a welcome.

"Tip," said Top, as they crept into bed, "I ain't never goin' back to the When they won't keep us no city. more, and nobody won't keep us, I'm goin' to start along the road, and keep on till I come to somewheres. Roads is better'n streets; they always go to somewheres that they didn't come from "-Top's voice died away, and Tip only answered with a snore. The partners were asleep.—St. Nicholas.

The Death of Tecumseh.

The attempt to find the bones and erect a monument to the memory of the noted Indian chief, Tecumseh, recalls the story of his death. Proctor, the British commander, fled before the advancing hosts of Harrison, uncovering a Moravian village. Tecumseh, deeply chagrined at this and devotedly desirons of protecting the people of his own nacheck long enough to allow the women and children of the threatened village to escape with their movables. Harrison always two or more auditors whose came up and Tecumseh gave him battle. The conflict was long, and, for a time, uncertain.

The voice of Tecumseh could be disinetly heard smid the roar of musketry, directing and encouraging his Indians, who placed entire confidence in their chief, and would rush hither and thither, anywhere and everywhere, as he would irect. By this time the officers in the American army became convinced that they would not succeed, excepting they silenced that well known voice. The Indians were fiercely engaged in repelling an attack on their right and on their left, which caused an opening in their center where Tecumseh stood. Col. Johnson, of the American army, seeing the opportunity, dashed forward into the opening, mounted on a splendid war horse, armed with a carbine and pistols. Pecumseh was quick to see the move. mounted, short barreled rifle that he ver his shoulder, and a tomahawk under over his shoulder, and a tomahawk under his belt; he sprung fearlessly forward to thirdly, a bonus on the wages paid to meet the advancing horseman. they came within five or six rods of each other they both fired. Johnson missed his aim; but Tecumseh brought Johnson from his horse. He fell heavily to the ground. Tecumseh sprung forward to dispatch him with his tomahawk; but when he came within ten feet Johnson drew a small pocket pistol and fired. Tecumseh bounded high into the air and fell dead.

Next United States Senate. The terms of twenty-five United States senators expire on the fourth of March, 1877. They are Messrs. Gold-thwaite, of Alabama; Clayton, of Arkansas; Saulsbury, of Delaware; Norwood, of Georgia; Logan, of Illinois; Wright, of Iowa; Harvey, of Kansas; Stavenson, of Kantneky; Morrill (or Stevenson, of Kentucky; Morrill (or rather Blaine), of Maine; Boutwell, of Massachusetts; Ferry, of Michigan; Windom, of Minnesota; Alcorn, of Mississippi; Hitchcock, of Nebraska; Cragin, of New Hampshire; Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey; Ransom, of North Carolina; Kelly, of Oregon; Anthony, of Rhode Island; Robertson, of South Carclina; Cooper, of Tennessee; Hamilton, of Texas; Johnston, of Virginia; Davis, of West Virginia, and Howe, of Wisconsin. The Senate now stands forty-two Republicans, twenty-nine Democrats and two Independents. The following States elect new senators this winter: Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Wisconsin

The Indian Nation is the Gretna Green esh howls.
"Don't you give up the farm, Top; riages in the Nation are valid: The Grasshoppers in Minnesota.

A short trip through Nicollet, Sibley, and a part of Brown counties has convinced me, says a correspondent, that the grasshopper question is of much more serious importance than our people suppose. In a drive of thirty miles I did not see a furrow turned. Vacant houses and deserted farms are not infrequent. Those who remain cannot possibly hold out much longer. Many of them are actually facing starvation. Unless a change soon comes our western counties must be depopulated. The crisis is reached. The people have strug-gled for their homes and farms during the last four years of devastation by this terrible scourge, but they cannot hold out much longer. The issue is now positive, simple and well defined. Shall the Then he sobered down a little, and country be occupied by the people or the grasshoppers? They cannot both felt of Tip's bones-and, in fact, Tip was

inhabit the same country much longer. If the greater part of the eggs deposited shall hatch out, there will be grasshoppers enough to devour every green thing in the State of Minnesota next year. The deposit of eggs is probably hundreds of times greater than it has ever been before. If they shall develop into full grown grasshoppers, and remain in the State, the result is fearful tocontemplate. I am satisfied that if a universal raid were made upon them wherever they are, immediately upon their beginning to hatch out, disaster might be averted. But action must be prompt and in every part of the region infested. I do not believe that men can be driven out by grasshoppers, if a combined effort is made with a deter-

mination to win. Now, as to the theory of the eggs being destroyed by the red worm. I investigated this matter, and while it is unquestionably true that the worm is at work, yet at the present rate of destruction it will absolutely amount to nothing at all. For every egg destroyed there will be a thousand left, speaking within bounds at that. So, too, some of the eggs are rotting, but the decrease from this cause will alone be infinitessimally small in comparison with the whole number deposited.

It is possible that very unfavorable weather in the spring might destroy and prevent the eggs from hatching out. It s also possible that favorable winds might drive them away as soon as they are able to fly, but these are contingencies that cannot be taken into account in deciding the question: "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?'

English Co-operative Societies,

All co-operative societies, says a writer in Scribner's, are governed by a committee, consisting of a president, secretary, treasurer, and a fixed number of directors, all of whom must be elected by the members, and serve in rotation. The president must preside at all meetings of the committee, and must sign all the reports of the society. The secretary and treasurer perform all the duties incident to such offices, and the treasurer must be under bonds. Each and all of these officers may be paid such sums for their services as the society may from time to time appoint. The duties of the committee include the general conduct of the society's business, the appointment and payment of all servants, the purchase of goods, land, buildings, and other property, and the adjustment of all losses and profits, loans, investments, and other financial matters concerning the society. The committee may also appoint local committees for the government of special branches of the business, or branch stores and workshops. Besides these officers, there are

duty it is to examine all reports, books, and accounts of the society as it may from time to time direct. The profits resulting from the business of a co-operative society are usually divided as follows: First, the payment of the agreed interest on the loans or deposits; secondly, the reduction of the fixed stock or plant of the society; thirdly, the reduction of the preliminary expense of starting the society if unpaid; fourthly, the payment of a dividend on the ordinary share capital of the society; fifthly, in the creation of a reserve or contingent fund; sixthly, in promoting culture and instruction among the members by forming an educational fund; seventhly, contributing to the general cause of the co-operative movement, or to the social, provident, or other benefit of the members. Lastly, the surplus, if any, may be He was on foot and armed with a richly divided, first, among all the members, according to their purchases; secondly, asually carried with him slung by a strap a less sum among non-members who the servants of the society.

A Soldier's Golgotha. Cuba is a cemetery for Spanish re-cruits. Unlike Falstaff's ragged regiment, who were good as food for powder, these poor boys who are enlisted in Spain and shipped off to crush the insurrection in Cuba are killed by the diseases incidental to the country before they have a chance of facing the enemy. The mortality is as great or perhaps says, the accounts are also rather unfa-The mortality is as great or perhaps greater than that which cursed the federal army on the peninsula. Malarial and Canada being especially below last fever "gathers them in." The official year's. That America has a smaller records at Madrid and Havana may be able to show how many stout fellows have been swallowed in the swamps of Cuba, but in no other way can the thousands of victims be told off. The Madrid government is evidently tired of frittering away human life in this way. Martinez Campos is appointed to command the army, and the order to fire is to be given all along the line. Insurrection is to be wiped out. Campos has only to give the order, and quick, presto! it is done. It is as easy as lying. Sixteen thousand troops from Madrid are on the sea, and twenty-four thousand more are to follow, and with those on the ground the spirit of free Cuba is to be crushed. We have been hearing weekly newspaper. Can be recommendthis for years. Men have come and men have gone back to Madrid, but the the pleasantest hit at the trade since war goes on. The insurgents have got a commander who is never idle. His Murray that "Barabbas was a publishname is Gen. Disease.

A new play, called "Our Boarding

EATING HORSE IN BERLIN.

Horse Slaughter House--How the Dead

In Berlin, not far from the new Kings gate, appears above a high fence a bad sign with the inscription: "Central Horse Slaughter House." Two well executed horses' heads in wood, painted brown, are placed at the sides of the sign, as who should neigh "Step within, honored, yet much tormented equines. Leave behind you all fear of the whips of mankind." A massive portal leads within to a large, roughly paved court, on the left side of which, in a separate building, is the office of the veterinary surgeon; and on the right the dwelling of the proprietor and the slaughter house.

Every horse which is to be slaughtered in Berlin must be brought here slive. The animal is first examined by the veterinarian, and only upon his express-ed judgment can it be killed. From the beams above are suspended four slaughtered horses, which have been only disemboweled. None of them could have boasted of fatness; but they this time of the year are pretty busy, for as agricultural labors are nearly endof at cheap rates. And how many horses are disposed of here? Last year they killed over 4.600. This year the number will be greater. They now slaughter sixteen a day on the average,

but requently as many as twenty-five.

And what is the value of a dead horse? On an average from twenty to thirty thalers. The skin fetches from eight to twelve dollars. The bones are the perquisites of the proprietor; and for them he receives from glue manufacturers and bone burners a remunerative little sum. The larger viscera, such as the liver, heart, and milt, are sold as food for dogs. The small intestines, after being cleaned and salted, are sent to seaports, where they are utilized as enpreserved meats used on board ships, The blood is emptied into large tin troughs, where the albumen is separated from it and sent to Prague. In that city a large albumen manufactory has for years taken this material on contract

Finally, the flesh-but that goes to the horse butchers; and we may readily believe that the 4,600 horses become food. "The dogs get the most of it," said our conductor, and then he pointed out a large, clear liver hanging to a post, and remarked that it tasted very

Yet we could not help wondering at our own inconsistency. These fine pieces of meat we regarded with aversion, while at our feet a dozen ducks to mold and debris, but, alas! the as follows: "I have made up my mind to set to work, dear father; therefore, I should like to know whether it was law the mold and debris, but, alas! the were smacking their bills in the gutter, and probably the birds would soon appear before us as savory roasts. There in the stable stood a fat pony, healthy and rotund. Was he also to be slaugh tered? Certainly. He had a bad hoof, the curing of which would cost too much in food and time. And there next to him stood-an ass! Happiness and impudence equally blended in his countenance. What was he doing here? He had been raffled away at a Swiss garden. Perhaps a weaver had won him, and, finding no room for the little animal under his loom, had sold him to the slaughterers. "And, excellent conductor," we inquired, diffidently, "what will be done with the ass' flesh ?" 'Yes-what is to be said-for restaurants and the like it is not-the flesh of the ass is-yes, it is very often used for sausages!"

We thanked our good informant, and took leave. In the nearest restaurant we partook of refreshment, rejoicing in the meantime that the ass still lived.

The Future Price of Wheat. The London Examiner, in a lengthy

article on the future price of wheat, says the harvest of 1875 was deficient, not only in England, but very generally so in countries from which England receives its supply. In England the acreage under wheat in 1876 was much smaller than in 1875 and previous years, and in the accounts from France, Russia, and other wheat growing countries, the reports show a percentage less than an average crop of from two to seventy per cent. In north Russia the loss is fully seventy per cent., and in central Russia and Russian Poland it is only an average. The most satisfactory feature in the list is the fact that the Austro-Hungarian empire is credited with nearly an average harvest, and the most important parts of Russia with "better than a good average;" but there is evidently no excessive surplus with which to make good the probable inability of other districts to send much to England. Turning to America, from which we have received the most important supvorable, the yield in the Western States and Canada being especially below last surplus seems also confirmed by the slight falling off of shipments as compared with last year. Per contra there is again a good barvest in California, and the great importance of the California crop, after the experience of the last two years, need not be pointed out. In conclusion, the Examiner believes that there will be a slight and continued rise in the price of wheat, and believes that such a rise would be favorable to British exports.

What They Want.

A London paper contains the advertisement : "Wanted a situation, either ed in both capacities." This is decidedly er." Another London paper recently announced: "For Sale—Pianoforte cottage-seven octaves-the property of House," is running at a Chicago theater. a lady leaving England, in a remarkably We judge from the title that it is merely a rehash of old pieces.

One Hundred Years Ago.

The month of October, one hundred years ago, was one of anxious waiting and suspense to the American army and disappointment to the British. hope was lost on the part of the latter that the campaign was to close the war; and the zeal with which the first events of the struggle had infused the Americans was fast diminishing; indeed, it is a source of wonder that the armies not only kept up the semblance of strength, but held their invaders at bay during the whole month of October. After a succession of skirmishes General Howe found, on the twenty-eighth, the American army so strongly posted near White Plains that he declined to make an attack; and the decisive battle which was to terminate the war was indefinitely postponed. The British contented themselves with carrying an outpost on Chatterton hill, about a mile from the American camp. The main body of Americans effected their retreat, and the loss in killed and wounded on the side of the Americans was reported at

less than a hundred, that of the British about twice that number. Waiting now seem to rejoice among themselves three days for re-enforcements, General that they have at last run away from Howe found, on the morning of the first civilized mankind. There are at present of November, that Washington had sixteen horse butchers in Berlin, who at withdrawn to a still stronger position, relieved himself of his sick and wounded, and strengthened his lines with ined, the unhappy farm horses are got rid trenchments. His position on rising ground was unapproachable in front, and he had so secured the passes that he could not be attacked in flank. With nothing to encourage the Americans on land, October witnessed a sad check on Lake Champlain. The fleet which the Americans had launched upon the waters of the lake was totally lost after prodigies of useless valor. In the southwest the efforts of misjudging loyalists to arouse the Indians against the colonists, while it caused immediate suffering, resulted in ultimate advantage to the American cause. Besides the ineffi-cient methods under which the militia were brought in the field, there were jealousies among leading officers. The commander-in-chief had not the authorivelopes for all those different kinds of ty which his commission implied, and which a successful command demanded.

All, save to most sanguine or the ignorant, were inclined to despair, and we in this jubilee month in 1876, can only duly appreciate the present standing of the United States by contrasting it of the door to comply with the regulawith the gloomy outlook one hundred

Rescued from the Grave.

United States treasury, with the followmuch like pig's liver. "But what the ing affidavit, from Arkansas: "While Judge: "You are too bright to be locked hounds do not get," he added, while he plowing my field I lost my pocketbook, seemed to invoke the flavor of horse beefsteaks, "only poor people eat. Restaurants and such."

which contained a \$100 note, a \$50 and a \$20. Next year when plowing the same field I prosethed it. its contents for identification." legal tenders had not been proof against study." frost and rain, and earthly mold. There were only a few black crumbs in place of the crisp, fresh notes. The lady took tissue paper the size of a greenback. She carefully separated the black parti cles, and, as if by magic, she recognized a letter here and there. These she stuck on the tissue paper with mucilage, until she found a clue by which she could identify each note. She proved that Baltimore, Md., and by her knowledge and patience she caused the notes to be redeemed by new ones, and the farmer has not lost a cent by planting bank notes, though his crop has not increased.

The Sick-Room.

The wall of the sick-room is a pretty important matter to the patient. is covered with one of those dreadfully variegated papers which, alas! are re- fluid. garded as ornamental, it will be found, especially if the patient is suffering from any disease in which there is abnormal exaliation of the brain, that it is a source of great annoyance, and may even be possibly injurious. For as his eyes run over these pictures he will fancy he sees images of various kinds, such as angels and demons, alternating indeed, these figures will assume every conceivable form, and he becomes thoroughly worried in the attempt to disentangle the confusion. The paper covering the wall should have a uniform natural tint, such as a light green, a delicate buff, or a very delicate slate color. A light green, perhaps, is as agreeable to the eyes as any color that can be se-lected, and it rests the eyes with a refreshing monotony. Such a uniform tint tends to "healthy stupidity," and thus leads to repose.

Shingle Your Own House, Scene, barroom; time, midnight,

"I wish that man would go Landlord: "Silence, he'll call for something directly; he's taking the shingles off his own house, and putting them on ours."

By this time James begun to come to his right senses, stretched himself as if he had just awoke, and said: "I believe I will go.

"Don't be in a hurry, James," said the landlord. "Oh, yes, I must go," said James, as he started. After an absence of some time the andlord met and accosted him with:

to see us ?" "Why, I had taken so many shingles off my own house that it begun to leak, so I thought it time to stop the leak; and so I have done it," said James,

Hello, Jim, why ain't you been down

A Suggestion,

The House murder trial suggests one lesson to married couples to which we draw their attention. It is dangerous to domestic peace, as well as the life of each, for both husband and wife to keep handy loaded revolvers, especially when onnubial jars are frequent.

The Hon. John W. Foster reports to the department of agriculture that "in Mexico there exists the agricultural capacity to produce all the coffee that can

The Editor.

Scratch, scratch, scratch, for his daily bread, The editor sits with low, bent head; he writes that the rest of the world may read The That old man Jones has made a deed, Or little John Smith has stole a pig; That Farmer Brown has a brand new gig ; That old Maid Green is married at last; Or Mr. Black from the earth has passed. Thus he writes for all that is said, Till at last we hear the editor's dead. Rest has come for the weary hand ; He held free tickets for the better land Paris, Sept. 1, 1876.

Items of Interest. Two Englishman recently made a journey of 750 miles on bicycles in about

fortnight. During its 140 years of existence, the Presbyterian church at Cranberry, N. J.,

has had but six ministers. Up to the first of last March, England had expended no less than \$25,000,000 on her new coast defenses.

A mother's pretty saying: "Which of your two children do you love most?" 'Always the one that is absent." A late Charleston circular puts the

present rice crop of Georgia and South Darolina at 75,500 tierces, or about five per cent, more than any crop since the A woman's hand. How beautifully molded, how faultless in symmetry, how soft and white and yielding, and, oh,

how much of gentle memory its pressure conveys! Yet we don't like it in our hair. An unchronicled event of the season at Newport was a christening party at which the baby wore a white lace robe valued at \$3,000. It also wore \$5,000

worth of diamonds belonging to its A lady, who was at the Centennial Ex-hibion on Pennsylvania day, remarked to a friend that she saw all sorts of people, among whom was a woman with one eye, who thought she ought to be admitted for half price.

A gaoler in a Western State had received strict orders not to keep his prisoners in solitary confinement. Once, when he had two in charge, one escaped and he was obliged to kick the other out

Scene in a New York police conrt.— Judge: "Prisoner, I find you are guilty of intoxication in the public streets. nasty, discolored, and wornout The punishment is ten dollars or ten leather pocketbook was sent to the days, Which will you take?" Prisoner: "I will take the ten dollars, your honor, up ; try aud remain so ; you may go.' Prisoner: "Thank your honor."

A student after passing three years in same field I unearthed it. I send it and the "Latin quarter," wrote to his father The as follows: "I have made up my mind

We've suspected for some time past that measures would have to be taken to check the alarmingly rapid growth of the Smith family. And here, now, sure enough, a Pennsylvania man exhibits at the Centennial a "Smith roller and crusher.'

People may be absent minded in everything else, even forget the dinner hour, they were notes of the National bank of but you can't find a man or a woman who overlooks the necessity of getting that ten cent bill changed on the way to church to get a nickel out of it for the contribution plate.

In Algeria there is a river formed by the union of two streams, one coming from a region of ferruginous soil and the other draining a peat swamp. The acid in the latter acting upon the iron in the former makes a true ink, and the river is actually a stream of good writing Two Englishtown (N. J.) boys, fired

with the spirit of many sensational tales, stole an oyster boat at Keyport and put out to sea in search of an island whereon to play Crusoe and Friday. Two or three days later an inward bound vessel picked them up, nearly dead from exposure and hunger. A well dressed man ate, with apparent relish, an elaborate dinner in a Paris restaurant, and then cut his throat. He

was taken to a hospital, where the wound

was dressed. Upon reviving to consciousness he exclaimed: "What, alive yet!" and completed the suicide by tearing off the bandages. A new industry, that of drying eggs, has been set on foot at Passau, on the Danube, and the Prussian military authorities are about to give the product a trial for soldiers' rations. The Lon-don News says several German chemists are very sanguine as to the success of the experiment, and they pronounce dried eggs to have lost none of their

valuable properties by the gradual evap-oration of the water contained by them in their original state. Emperor William has addressed the following words to the citizens of Wissembourg, in Alsace, where the French first felt the shock of the advancing German host: "I know you come to me with bleeding hearts. It is only natural, my friends; but I myself have known vicissitades, but bore up against them. Believe me as an old man, time sets all things right. Time reconciles us to the greatest changes, and time, I am sure, will make you satisfied.

Pulling Out a Boy's Ear.

An antopsy was made upon the body of Joseph Bolter, aged ten, who died in New York from the effects of injuries received at the hands of Mr. Beslin, From the ante-mortem statement made before his death the lad said that he was playing with some boys. Among them was little Walter Beslin, about his own age. They quarreled, and the deceased threw some dirt at his companion, whereupon Mr. Beslin came up and pulled him by one of his ears until it was almost out of the socket. Dr. Goldschmidt found that the ear had been partly pulled from the boy's head and two immense swellings had been caused beneath them. Finally, the be consumed in the United States, and brain had been affected and caused his of a quality equal to the best grown in death. Beslin is in custody by order of the coroner.